

General Directory.

County Officers.
Representative, Wm. H. H. H. H.
Prosecuting Attorney, W. H. H. H.
Judge County Court, W. H. H. H.
Judge of Probate, W. H. H. H.
Recorder, W. H. H. H.
Public Administrator, W. H. H. H.
County Surveyor, W. H. H. H.
County School Commissioner, W. H. H. H.
County Clerk, W. H. H. H.
Recorder, W. H. H. H.

Religious.
Methodist Church (South)—Rev. C. W. H. H.
Pastor, Services first and third Sabbath, morning and evening, of each month, Sabbath school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.
First Baptist Church—Rev. Edwin H. H.
Pastor, Services first and third Sabbath, morning and evening, of each month, Sabbath school every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening of each week.

Benevolent and Literary.
Keytesville Library—E. B. H. H.
Open from 10 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 4 p. m.
Waters Lodge, No. 71, A. F. and A. M.—John H. H. H.
Master, M. H. H. H., Secretary, B. H. H. H.
Charters, Lodge, No. 177, A. O. U. W.—J. H. H. H.
D. H. H. H., W. H. H. H., T. H. H. H., Secretary, B. H. H. H.
Charters, Lodge, No. 177, A. O. U. W.—J. H. H. H.
D. H. H. H., W. H. H. H., T. H. H. H., Secretary, B. H. H. H.

W. W. RUCKER.
Attorney at Law & Notary Public
KEYTESVILLE, MO.
Will practice in the Courts of Chariton and adjoining counties.
Special attention given to collection.

A. W. JOHNSON,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public
SALISBURY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in all the State Courts.

J. T. ALDRIDGE, M. D.,
Eye, Ear & Throat.
KEYTESVILLE, MO.

R. C. FORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
KEYTESVILLE, MO.
Will practice in all the State Courts.
Collections promptly attended to.
Office: Front room over Butler's store.

L. W. SNEED,
TONSorial ARTIST,
Keytesville, Mo.
Shaving, shampooing and hair cutting.
Everything neat and clean. Step right in.
You are next. Two doors east of J. R. Meyer's grocery store.

Joseph H. H. H.,
Henry Rich
HANSMANN & RICK,
Dealers in
Pure Wines and Liquors,
KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI.

The celebrated Anheuser Busch Lager Beer always on draught. We solicit a share of the public patronage. 42m6

L. M. APPLEGATE, J. C. WALACE,
President. Vice President.
FARMERS BANK
—OF—
CHARITON COUNTY,
Keytesville, - - Missouri.

H. H. MILLER, J. C. MILLER,
Ass't Cashier. Cashier.

DR. DROMGOOLE'S ENGLISH Female Bitters
A Powerful Uterine Tonic and Female Regulator, for the Cure of all Female Complaints and Irregularities. For sale by all druggists. "Family Medical Advisor" will find full particulars on application to J. P. DROMGOOLE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

If You Have CONSUMPTION COUGH or COLD BRONCHITIS Throat Affection SCROFULA Wasting of Flesh
Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nervous Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL With Hypophosphites. PALATABLE AS MILK.
Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N. Y.

TO cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, BILE BEANS
Use the SMALL SIZE (10 little Beans to the bottle). THEY ARE THE MOST CONVENIENT. Bile Beans are sold all over the world. Price of either size, 50c. per Bottle. KISSING, 7-17 TO JAMES HILL, J. P. DROMGOOLE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.
A large quantity of Bile Beans, for sale. Apply to J. P. DROMGOOLE & CO., Louisville, Ky.

CHARITON COURIER.

VANDIVER & COLLINS, Editors and Publishers.

VOLUME XIX.

KEYTESVILLE, MO., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1890.

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year, In Advance.

NUMBER 9.

There Are Two Men in This Town

Who are causing a great deal of talk. Everybody jumps on men when they are down. In some respects they are the lowest of the low. Folks look in on them and say:

"Full as Usual!"

But they do not take it amiss, for in the sense they mean they are full and they are low down—

FULL OF BUSINESS! LOW DOWN IN PRICES!

And their names are

STEPHENS & TRAMMEL,

Now you understand and say this is an advertisement. Very true, but it is not one of those talk for the sake of talking advertisements, but it will tell you what you want to learn, that Stephens & Trammel run the

Bargain House

Of Salisbury!

We can't make up your losses in your not having traded with us before, but we can and will make you forget the unpleasant experience of the past in the enjoyment of the present, by offering you the

NEWEST GOODS, PATTERNS AND STYLES IN THE MARKET!

By offering you the best value for the money you ever received. Remember our business is no side show, but the

MAMMOTH CLOTHING, Hat, Cap & Gents' Furnishing

--GOODS SHOE--

In This County.

[And the Only Exclusive

CLOTHING HOUSE IN SALISBURY!

We can fit you, no difference whether you are large or small. We can furnish Men's Suits from \$4.00 to \$30. Men's Strictly All Wool Suits for

\$6.20

A big line of Children's two piece suits, ranging in size from 3 to 14 and in price from \$1.50 to \$7.50 a suit.

WE HAVE MORE FINE CLOTHING

Than the rest of the town combined. We have bought in large quantities regardless of high waters and low roads.

We Have Marked Our Goods to Suit the Trade.

We are Square on the Works,

And propose to make things hum. We are here to see that people buy their goods at the right kind of prices, and if you are awake to your own interest, do not purchase until you

See Our Goods! AND HEAR OUR PRICES!

CASH AND ONE PRICE.

SEPHENS & TRAMMEL,

Salisbury, - - Missouri.

STEPHENS & SIPLE,

Chillicothe, Missouri.

I. G. STEPHENS,

Macon, Missouri.



TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It is not the desire of the editors of this paper to work any hardships on our patrons, but we find that it is impossible for the junior member of the COURIER to make a tour of the county, as we had intended, to interview our delinquents, and to plead with them with tears in our eyes and holes in our pants to pay what they owe us. Our services are needed at the office. Besides, we should not be expected to leave our business as editor to tramp over the county endeavoring to collect "the poor printer's" shillies. The amount you owe us is justly ours and it is your duty to come in and pay it, or send it to us, which we hope you will do at once.

All subscriptions to the COURIER that are not paid by the 1st of April, 1890, will be made out up to that date, placed in the hands of the various constables for collection, and the names of such subscribers, together with the amounts they owe, will be published in full in the columns of this paper. To this rule we shall not make a single exception. Those who pay their subscription, in the meantime, will be placed on our roll of honor, and their names published from week to week as they pay up.

Take your choice, then, between being entered on the black list of newspaper deadbeats, or placed in the category of honest, upright men.

VANDIVER & COLLINS,
Publishers COURIER.



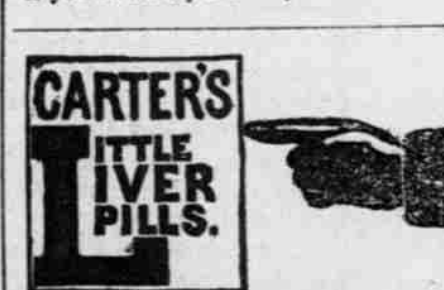
BRAIN DISEASE.

A Doctor's Severe Criticism of the Medical Profession's Treatment of Their Patients.

In a recent issue of a well-known medical journal, the eminent Dr. L. F. Locke takes his professional brethren to task for their neglect of the early symptoms of brain disease. After saying that it is a deplorable fact that the early symptoms are almost invariably overlooked by the officers and permitted to pass unheeded for, until the time when medical interference is of no avail, he makes this severe remark:

"To dismiss patients presenting head-symptoms with the statement that their troubles are due to disorder of the stomach or liver, is a very convenient way to cover up ignorance."

He then mentions this case: "Not long since, a gentleman of this city, of wealth and high social position, one accustomed to using his brain incessantly when necessary, presented himself to his physician with the complaint that he could not sleep, and was suffering intensely from headache. These symptoms had been present for several months and were accompanied by dimness of vision, difficulty of speech, burning pain in the abdomen and momentary lapses of consciousness. The physician—a man eminent in the profession—subjected him to a thorough examination, and finally dismissed him, saying, that all his symptoms were due to disorder of the digestive tract, and that he had prescribed an ordinary tonic mixture. He continued his ordinary avocations, and within a fortnight was paralyzed in his left side. It is a sad but true fact that had this man understood his symptoms, and used the great remedy for brain and nerve disorders, Pain-Ex-Celery Compound, he would have been saved for a life of usefulness. This wonderful medicine was providentially revealed to its eminent discoverer, and if you feel nervous, nervous or brain-weary, you do yourself an injustice if you do not try it to-day."



CURE SICK HEAD

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, cure and prevent this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

As they would heal most of the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Headache, Stomach, Bloating, Constipation, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

ACHE

In the back of the head, where there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action, cleanse all the system. In vial at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

In Memory of Sallie Shaw.

(Published by request.)

"Our Sallie's dead." O, say not dead! She's just Removed to brightest shores and purest realms, More perfectly to serve the Lord she loved. Below. The darkening scales are fallen now From off her eyes; the veil is rent, and she Beholds the face of God's anointed Son Just as He is, and she is like her Lord. Oh, say not dead! She only sweetly sleeps In Jesus' loving arms.

'Tis true her clay Must rest here within the narrow tomb, Till resurrection morn, when earth and sea Deliver up their trust; but her pure soul, Too pure, indeed, to longer stay on earth, Redeemed and washed in Jesus' precious blood, Has fled this world of sin, or waited been On angel wings to realms of endless light. Say not "she's dead!" she's just begun to live The life that never ends. She's now removed Far from the sway of death. No fear alarms, No darkness clouds her sky, no pains annoy, Nor sorrows enter there, but life and love, Eternal and serene, seraphic joy. While here she loved to sing Her Savior's praise, to hymn sweet songs To Jesus name, who bought her with his blood. She loved to join the earthly choir, and raise Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

But now She sings the song of the redeemed above. The Sabbaths of the Lord she loved; and now Her Sabbath day is an eternal rest. Oh! tell us not "she's dead!" She's only gone Before; she's crossed the stream of Jordan's flood, And sits secure on heavenly Canaan's shore, And beckons us to follow on the straight And narrow way. Upon her radiant brow A crown of glittering gold, while either hand A palm of victory bears. She smiles delight, And bids us faithful be, and hasten on To join the blood-washed throng, with her Right hand. 'Tis often said, "Death loves a shining mark." If ever "shining mark" did tempt the shafts Of our remorseless foe to baffle skill Of man and snatch away the brightest star That shone resplendent in our sphere, 'twas when Death aimed his poisoned dart and flung his sting Envenomed at our darling's heart.

By faith she walked With God on earth, and humbly walked the way. The rugged, thorny way, her Savior trod, And then went home to walk with God above. Weep not, dear friends; she is not dead to us. She's only gone before. The bliss She now enjoys will soon be ours, if we But trust the blessed Savior whom she loved. Toil on! Toil on! The way may now be dark, And troubles lash o'er life's tempestuous sea; But soon our Savior's voice will still the waves. And moor our storm-worn bark within The port of everlasting peace.

Her true friend, NETTIE JETER.

Sallie died March 7, 1890, aged 15 years. Funeral preached in Slater, by Brother Bowman. The first corpse that was ever in the new Baptist church. Buried at Blackburn, March 10, 1890.

JEFF

John D. Byrne's fine Black Jack, JEFF, will make the present season at Mr. Byrne's stable, 1 1/2 miles north of Dalton, and will serve mares at \$10 to insure with foal. Lien on colts, in all cases, to stand good for the season. Care taken to prevent accidents. But Mr. Byrne will not be responsible should any occur. Good pasturage furnished at reasonable rates. 811

New Plan to Capture an Army.

We had in our company a very conceited young man named Gorman, says a writer in the New York Sun, and from the day he shouldered a musket he was anxious to invent a plan to save the country. He had somewhere read that a private soldier gave Napoleon the plan of a successful campaign and was rewarded by being made a general, and his whole time was taken up in inventing plans, all of which were knocked in the head by our captain. One failure after another had no dampening effect on Private Gorman, however. The more he was suppressed the harder he thought, and his time finally came.

When Burnside moved to attack Lee at Fredericksburg, Gorman wrote him a letter saying that he had a plan by which Lee's whole army could be driven into Richmond in terror or captured without bloodshed. The letter was put in such strong language that the general decided to investigate, and Private Gorman was sent for to explain his plan. He came back to us a prisoner, and was kept in the guard-house all that winter, and it was three months before we could get a chance to find out what had happened at headquarters.

He explained that he was ushered into the presence of General Burnside with ceremony, identified himself as the writer of the letter, and the general wheeled on him with: Well, how would you scatter Lee's army?

Easiest thing in the world, general, was the unabashed reply. Wait for a dark night; then let 10,000 soldiers dress up as spooks, put on false faces and cross over the river. Every one is to step softly, groan every few seconds, and if accosted he is to answer that he is the ghost of a soldier slain at Bull Run. The sight of these spooks will strike terror to every rebel's heart, and he will either fly or surrender. If this don't work I—

But he got no farther. He said that the general booted him out of the tent. It was a sudden and radical cure, and he spent no more time planning great campaigns.

The Largest Cake Ever Made.

The "Jubilee Cake," presented to Queen Victoria by the Messrs. Gunter, the famous London purveyors, in June, 1887, was a triumph of the bakers' and confectioners' art. It was 9 feet and 6 inches in circumference, 10 feet high and weighed over 600 pounds without the decorations, which alone were over 300 pounds. The design was that of a crown, guarded by lions and surmounted by a globe bearing figures of Fame and Glory, each holding trumpets in their hands, heralding the jubilee to the four quarters of the world. These, again, were surmounted by temples, with mingled figures of Peace. The panels of the base were embroidered in gold on white satin, bearing the royal monogram, while between them were figures in relief, representing the four quarters of the world. Between the lions which guarded the crown, were medallions bearing portraits of her majesty and the Prince Consort as they appeared on the wedding day in 1840. Other portraits represented her majesty at various ages, the last being from the photograph taken in May, 1887.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c a bottle, at W. C. Gaston & Co's drug store."

To the Champion of the "Black Arts."

In small cities and country towns there are always bickerings and jealousies among the tradesmen. This is common among the dry goods and grocery dealers, the druggists and undertakers, money lenders and bankers; lawyers show hidden symptoms, even the clergy presents typical signs when it comes to dividing the sheep. Doctors are the only class, uninfluenced by competition(?). There is nothing little about them(?). They have an innate yearning to help each other.

While some would kick a fallen foe, Rejoice to see him lower go, The doctor stands with weeping eyes, In hopes to see his brother rise (?). Nothing could afford him greater pleasure than to assist Keytesville's great eye opener in advertising his "specialties." I am satisfied that something like the following would bring him patients from afar:

To the (credulous) Public:— J. Thomas Aldridge, M. D., B. A., G. H., late "graduate" from Missouri's great West End, having taken a "special course," of six weeks duration on diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, is fully prepared to cure all diseases above the "woozen."

No desperate case will he pass by, That can afflict the human eye, With perfect ease he will extract, The most malignant cataract, Unstop the deafest, mutest ear, That slightest, faintest, rippling hear. Manipulating with a hose, Remove obstructions of the nose, Enabling one to smell with ease, The odor of Limburger cheese. In fell diseases of the throat, To phonate like a Billy goat.

TESTIMONIALS.
BARTEMUS RIDGE, PALESTINE.—I was born blind. So were all my ancestors as far back as Nebucadnezzar. Blindness was hereditary in our family. I tried all the remedies I saw advertised in the almanacs. Such as Stevens' eye-salve, Hardy's eye balm, Thompsons eye water and the elixir iodo-bromide of calcium compound, without the slightest benefit. Seeing Dr. A.'s advertisement in the COURIER, I immediately put myself under the care of the great eye-mender. The Dr. looked at my peepers through his eyepiece and said I had a cataract in both eyes and one in my nose. Grasping his cataract snatcher, he had my crystallines out in two seconds by the chronometer. This he said made his "thirty first" successful case. I can now see to thread a needle just as well in the dark as in the light.

MRS. SUSAN BLINDER.
REEDVILLE, ME.—My hearing was totally destroyed by the rebel cannon's, at the battle of Bull Run. For many years I spent all my pension money on ear openers, but received no benefit. Seeing Dr. A.'s advertisement in the papers I took the fast train for his office which I easily found by meeting fellows coming from there armed with slates and ear trumpets. I found the Dr. a gentleman (?) and from the size and shape of his head I saw that I had found the right man. The great deaf-healer gazed into my head and said my drum and life were out of tune, that my eustachian was bungled up, and that the cannon's roar had coagulated the ear wax. He informed me (as usual) that "he had seen many cases just like mine which he soon cured." ("No Cure, no Pay"). I am happy to relate that in four "treatments" my hearing was rendered so acute I could distinctly hear my wife's curtain lectures while I was asleep.

J. THOMAS DEAFER.
SNOOTVILLE, TENNESSEE.—I had a dripping from my nose from a child. My coat sleeves always gave sad views of my affliction. I tried all the atomizers, and douched my nose with gallons of snoot water.

I was unable by my nose, To tell dogfennel from the rose. Seeing Dr. A.'s advertisement in the papers I thought, as a drier, I would try him. I soon found his office by a large sign on which was inscribed "Dr. A., snoot specialist." ("No Cure, no Pay"). Office hours from sun to sun. The Dr. ran his snoot opener up my proboscis and said: "Eh!" This alarmed me very much. I asked him what he found. He said my case was a bad one, "but (as usual) he had seen many just like it, and cured them all." ("No Cure, no Pay") The Dr. said I had antero-postero occlusion of my sneezer, that the former had separated the snoot holes and that my nares were water-logged. The Dr. quieted my fears by informing me he had cured "sixty five" just such cases that day. Under Dr. A.'s skillful treatment in three days I could on kissing my wife tell readily when she had been eating onions.

J. HENRY SNEEZER.
HYPOCRITE BLUFF, CONN.—I am a little man and an old man and have been a preacher of the gospel for forty years. I blowed the horn at a camp meeting long ago and strained

my larynx calling on the wicked to unload. In fact, lost my voice and "did not know where to find it" until I read the advertisement of Dr. A.'s in the newspapers. I lost no time in going to the office of the great laryngologist. He lit a lamp put on his telescope and looked straight down into my "woozen." I asked the great throat "specialist" (of six weeks' incubation), what did the looking-glass reveal. He said I the same disease the German prince died of. I shudder! The Dr. told me not to fear, he would "guarantee" a cure. He severely criticised the treatment of the prince, by Sir Morill McKenzie and Bergman, said he could have cured the prince (if he had "got there in time"). Coming down to my own case, he said I had had thickening of the cords of my duck caller, dislocation of the epiglottis, convexity of the diaphragm, elongation of the jolapper and stemosis of my wind conductor. He ran his wozen snobber down my neck a few times when my phonation was equal to a sand-hill crane's. No nigger preacher living can beat me blowing the gospel trampet, now. Some clergymen dot on there college knowledge, and dead language lore, but give me wind.

REV. F. J. WINDHAM.
I am perfectly satisfied that with this advertisement and these testimonials Dr. A. would soon eclipse Mon Kitchen, J. Cressop McCoy, or even Dunbar. Nothing will give a doctor or patent pills so good a send off, as the testimony of a clergyman. A doctor's success is guaranteed when he gets a clergyman for a capper.

These testimonials and the Dr.'s continued reiteration of his unbounded confidence in the unoppressed curative power of drugs, ought to captivate all the fools.

Whose faith in powders, pukes and pills, To remedy all human ills, Who always show their lack of sense, By trusting him of most pretence,

G. M. DEWEY, M. D.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtan, Plainsfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at W. C. Gaston & Co's drug store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Domestic Hints.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white clothes, and also from the hands.

Never put away food on tin plates. China, earthenware or glass are the only receptacles for left-overs.

If soot falls upon the carpet or rug, cover thickly with dry salt before sweeping and not a stain will be left.

A little borax put in the water in which scarlet napkins and red bordered towels are washed will prevent them from fading.

To cool a hot dish in a hurry, set it in a vessel of cold salted water. This will extract the heat much more rapidly than fresh water.

A small box filled with lime and placed on a shelf in the pantry or closet, will absorb dampness and keep the air in the closet fresh and sweet.

Push goods and all articles dyed with aniline colors faded by exposure to light, can be made as light as ever by sponging with chloroform.

Instead of wetting biscuits to be warmed over, put them in the oven covered closely with tin. They will be almost as good as when first baked.

In putting away silver that is not to be used for a considerable time, place it in an air-tight case with a good sized piece of camphor. It will keep bright for months in this way.

When painting the base-board to a room, it is a good plan to paint two or three inches of the floor also. Then if the carpet does not quite cover the floor, the gap is not so noticeable.

Ladies take warning! When you feel weak and have sick headache and are suffering with monthly irregularity, don't wait until your trouble becomes chronic, but take Dr. Dromgoole's English Female Bitters, which will speedily restore you to health. Send stamp to Dr. J. P. Dromgoole, Louisville, Ky., for Family Medical Adviser.

Or our increased wealth from 1870 to 1880, over four-fifths of it was in the cities, notwithstanding nearly one-half of the population is in the country.

Hibbard's Throat and Lung Balm.

For throat and lung troubles this remedy has no equal. It is guaranteed to cure consumption in its first stages, and even in advanced stages of that disease it relieves coughing and induces sleep. You may have a cough or cold at any time, therefore no household, especially with children, should be without it. For all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness, etc., a tincture of blood and all pulmonary disease it has no equal. Prepared only by Hibbard's Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich. 50m6